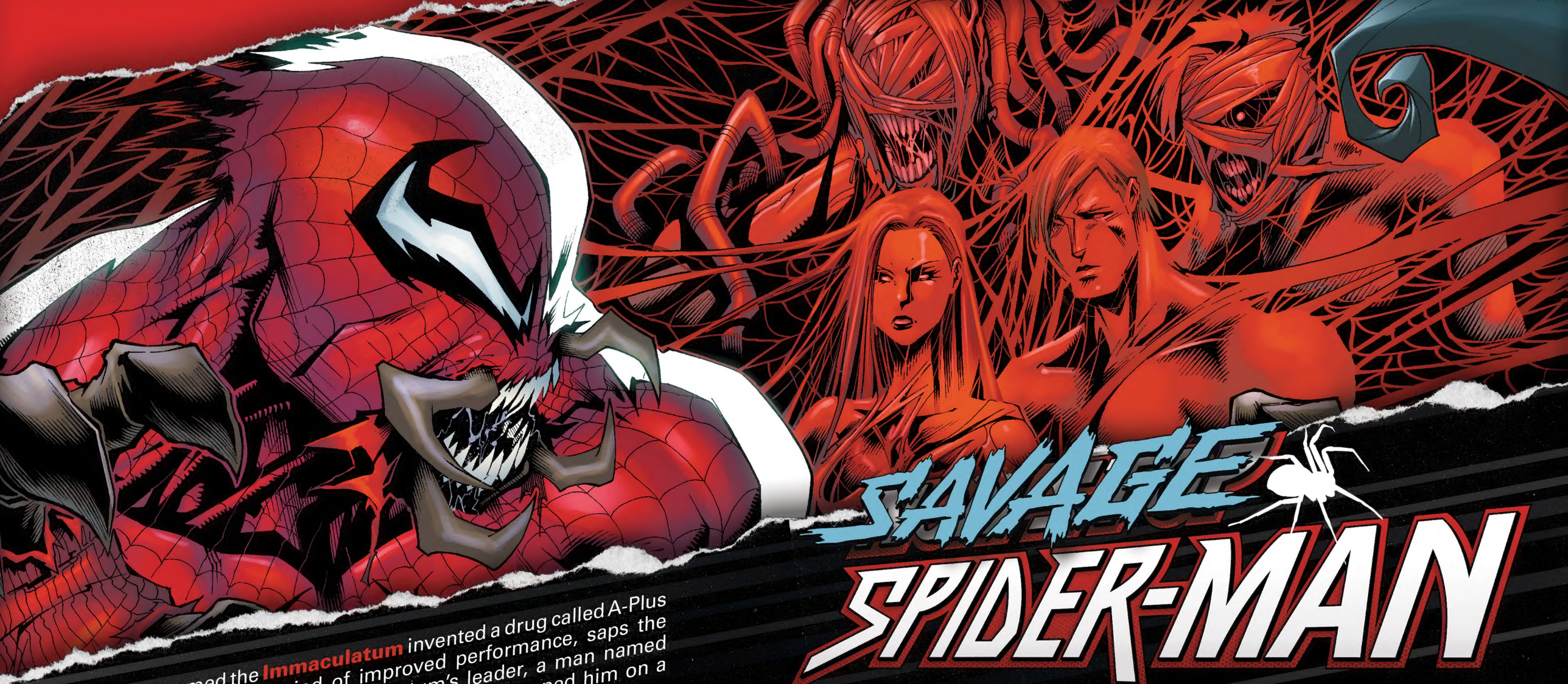
SAVAGE SPIDER-MAN

KELLY
SANDOVAL
NAVA
SOTOMAYOR

MARVEL

SAVAGE
SPIDER-MAN



SAVAGE SPIDER-MAN

A cabal named the **Immaculatum** invented a drug called A-Plus that, after a brief period of improved performance, saps the taker's intelligence. The Immaculatum's leader, a man named **Wülf**, injected Spider-Man with A-Plus and dropped him on a desert island with Hydra leader **Baron Zemo**.

As if that weren't bad enough, the A-Plus and Spider-Man's physiology interacted strangely and turned him into a...

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T+

#1 VARIANT JOSEMARIA CASANOVAS

PAIN.

ONLY PAIN.

NEED.

TAKE.

THWIP

SQUEAL!?

KILL PAIN.

EAT.

DRINK.

SURVIVE.

Web of Blood

part one

Hff hffhf hff hff...

What the hell am I doing?

I am Baron @#$% Zemo.

Go, go, go, go--

I do not run.

I will not lose to a rainbow coalition of race separatists.

And I am not a child afraid of monsters.

I am the monster.

GOOD.
BLOOD-GOOD.

SURVIVE.
GUARD.
SAFE?

ALONE.

ALONE?

SOMETHING...MISSING...

FAMILY?
FRIENDS?

A MONSTER HAS
NO FRIENDS--?

MOVEMENT.
HEAT.
SMELL...

NOT FOOD.

RRRR

BE STRONGER.

SKLIK

Aaaarrgh!

SURVIVE.

KRAK

SURVIVE!

Grrragh!

THWAK

KRAK
CRUNCHH

PAIN.

PAIN IS LIFE.

LIFE IS HATE.

Mrrraaaagh!

GIVE PAIN.

PROTECT LIFE.

THWIP

THWIP

HATE.

HATE!

HATE IS SURVIVAL IS LIFE!

LIVE--

THWIP

Hgnnnn!

NOOOOO!

N-no...

THUD

WAIT... FIGHT! BUT...

MOVEMENT!

NOT ALONE.

MONSTER HAS FAMILY.

FRIENDS.

ZEMO?

ZEMO.

SKREEAWWW!

Oh, come on.

KLK ZEMO!

THUNK

THUNK

I know we've had problems--

KILL ZEMO!

--but we can get *out* of this *hellhole* if--

Greaaaaagh!!!

KILL!

Screw it.

Zemo does not beg.

BEHIND!

ZEMO MINE!!!

CRUNCHH

Where is Doralis?

What... what is this...?

Can we call her Doralis?

Our precious "gift?" Yes.

Welcome to the world, Doralis.

She's so happy here.

I know, but the work...

We will figure it out.

I will not have my family live in a shack!

I'm bringing in money--

This is money! *Real* money!

Thank you for entrusting your family to me, Miss.

I believe that you will have a remarkable life here.

Where is Doralis?

Where is my daughter?

I--I DON'T HAVE A DAUGHTER--

Arrrgh!!!

WHAMM

Nothing like a little sucker punch to bring back the intellect, eh?

Now, I have a plan...

Spider-Man?

D-DAUGHTER...? I...NO... DAUGHTER...

I hate you so much.

MANY MILES AWAY.

Miami is one of my guilty pleasure cities.

Macitica, once we are rightfully seated, I do hope you will allow me to visit.

Any time, if it isn't **underwater** by then.

If we are successful, the significant **population reduction** will stop global warming in its tracks.

Perhaps not in our generation, but our heirs will have a bright, pure future.

Northern Europe: REINHEIT

North America: MACITICA

Asia: JUNDO

Africa: WULF

South America: T'APUYA

The Isle of the Damned

Speaking of purity...when can I *sink* that accursed island?

I rather like the idea of keeping it. Our first laboratory--

Nostalgia? Really?

Of course not.

When the purge is complete, there will be... confusion.

Understatement.

I believe that we can use the **Isle of the Damned** to gently shock the confusion out of any who would oppose us.

Or send them there on a widely televised "vacation."

The "Zemo Package." Heh.

Exactly. I propose that the Isle of the Damned remain in Tapuya's care.

Seconded. Vote?

Accepted, though I would humbly request a fair division of resources for containment.

Agreed. The island will be a cooperative zone.

Now, if we are finished with parliamentary procedure...

...shall we complete preparations for taking the operation global?

THE ISLE OF THE DAMNED.

NO...DAUGHTER... M-MEMORY?

ENEMY... MEMORY?

Idiot!

I've changed my mind! Begging works! Get up!

ZEMO.

HATE ZEMO...

BUT...

MY KILL!

There's that wit I've come to despise.

I haven't had an iota of time since I stabbed you into... *evolution*--

But help is on the way-- *if* you play nice, we might leave this place alive.

PING PING PING

NO.

NO?

Even in your current state, you must understand an alliance--!

NO LEAVE!

NO LEAVE.

THWOOOP

NO RUN.

NO PAIN.

THWOOP

NO THINK.

THWOOP

SURVIVE--

NO.

DOMINATE.

God...

BE ALPHA.

SKRIEEE!

#2 VARIANT
RON LIM & ISRAEL SILVA

2.

An endless inhale.

Slow. Quiet. Painless.

I am not taking in air, but essence... The essence of *life*.

The immaterial universe from which I have always felt apart welcomes me and fills me and connects me.

I am not alone. I am *one* with every living thing in my...

MY...

MY...

MY...

MY...

MY WORLD IS UNDER MY CONTROL.

I AM THE CENTER.

I AM THE STRONGEST.

I DOMINATE.

I AM ALPHA...

I AM KING.

Web of Blood

part two

...

Is it too late to apologize for the vigorous *stabbing?*

SKRIAAWW!!

Kidding.

A Zemo does not apologize.

Release me or die.

Urkt!

Whoulff!

CHUNK

Perhaps I should have spoken more slowly?

FIGHT.

No "please"? You truly *have* gone savage--

FIGHT!

I want it noted for the record--

Outnumbered. Outgunned--

Why not?

KRAK

KILL IT!

--I gave you a *chance* to live.

Uuunnng!

CHUNK

Set up a nice mutant family. Spawn some horrifying tots...

SLIKT SLIKT

Zemo is no one's plaything!

If you want to dispose of me, you wretched *waste* of DNA...

...you will bloody your own hands to do so!

AM ALPHA.

AM KING.

KING DOMINATES.

DOMINATION SOWS FEAR.

ZEMO NOT ALPHA.

ZEMO SMALL.

ZEMO NOTHING.

KILL ZEMO!

Worse monsters than *you* have tried!

At least I won't have to deal with your insipid quips...

Rrrraaaaggghh!

Though I could do without the clamor of your unwashed minions.

BREAK.

DOMINATE.

CRUSH.

Hnngh!

KRACK POP

HRRRRNNNGH!!!

THUD

HATE ZEMO.

KILL ZEMO.

DEVOUR ZEMO.

Nnnngh...

KRNCH pPOP

Heh... Ha! Ha ha hah!

Heh. I'm sorry...let me collect myself... Heh.

The best part of this, truly... and I'll understand if you don't get it...

...is that we are finally, undeniably, *the same.*

When push comes to shove, you don't just want to survive...

You want to *punish* those who offend you.

Your outsides completely match your insides.

NO!

For what it's worth...

...I think that you're *beautiful.*

NO EAT! JUMP!

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

ENEMY TRIBE.

=ROARRR!=

Baron! Your orders!

Capture the Spider, kill the rest...

And give me a *verdammten* gun!

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

KILL ENEMY!

That is the plan, Spider.

SKLUTCHH

HURT! REVENGE!

She...

...she wanted to help...

...her daughter...

KILL!!!

Shall we?

TENNESSEE.

It's a beautiful land...

...at least from up here.

Second thoughts?

Doubtful.

Never.

What we are doing will save this planet from its greatest scourge.

"Humanity." I hope you hear the air quotes.

The A-Plus code has been finalized and uploaded...

Though for the record, I still feel that the new parameters for purity are... *generous.*

Noted. Also noted that the shift of a decimal point increased *your* population base considerably.

We all benefitted, Reinheit. Even you. If we kept the definitions too strict--

Only Neanderthals and Denisovans would be left. Fine for *you,* but...

A joke, dear Macitica? Today?

What better day, my friend, than *liberation day?*

Do you weep for anything our new world leaves behind?

War? No thank you.

Racial oppression? No.

Capitalism. *Pff!*

Technocratic oligarchy... Fun to say, but no.

Selective "democracy."

Artificial resource scarcity.

No. Weep for none of it.

Today, the old world dies, and with it, all of the self-inflicted wounds of so-called society.

To the broken-backed half-breeds everywhere...

We relieve you of your burden.

Claritas per puritatem.

KILL THEM ALL.

Have to help--

KILL!!!

Krakensbane, handle my light work, please?

Of course, Baron.

ENEMY ALPHA. BREAK HIM. THE REST WILL FALL.

THWIP

THWAP

THWAP

THWAP

I have to help the others--

Hmm. Not all dumb.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

In certain areas of intelligence, he's still quite potent.

Except empathy. The useless one.

FOCUS ON THE OTHERS!

KRAK

Hurt... that hurts...

They are not me, but...

I feel it.

Don't turn away from me, monster.

stop!

KILL--

Please stop!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

KLUD

Something eating at you?

BRAKKAKKA KKAAKKAKA

RUN?

The tribe... they *hurt*.

KILL--?

It's too late...

Dead.

Tribe is dead.

Hnnh. I guess I was wrong about you...

You're not a killer...

...but I think I can help you there.

Citizens of Memphis.

You have been chosen for a significant experiment...

Please do not panic. All communications are down.

We control the power grid.

Your city is now a laboratory.

And you are about to be tested on one simple criteria...

Purity.

SPEED LIMIT

If you are of pure genetic stock--*any* genetic stock, you will be the vanguards of the *new humanity*.

If you are not, you will still serve...so know you have a purpose.

The experiment began twenty minutes ago, when we blanketed the city in an aerosol medium of genetically coded *pico machines*...

You should be feeling the effects soon...

In three seconds, to be precise.

Three... Two...

One.

If you can still hear my voice and comprehend it...

...congratulations. We are going to have a wonderful future together.

#3 VARIANT
MARK BAGLEY & BRIAN REBER

3.

HATE.

HATE THEM ALL.

HATE ZEMO--

HGGGGLH!

HATE.

Yeah... how's that working out for us?

KILL--

NO...

HURT.

I know. I know.

Would you like the hurt to stop?

...

YES.

Can I make it stop for you?

YES.

Why?

ZEMO ALPHA.

Good monster.

Let's get those talons bloody.

ZZZZ

AAAGGGGH

Are we satisfied with the data?

Honestly, I rather expected it to be *faster.*

Your entitlement is showing, *Reinhelt.*

I will rephrase, Ma: I knew that an aerosol version of the A-Plus pico-stream would require more time to take hold than the mainlined original.

H-help.

I *want* it to go quicker because I detest the lamentations of the weak.

Thank you for your honesty.

Are--are you super heroes?

While I wouldn't have chosen that word myself, Officer...

Yes.

What's happening here?

The birth of a new world...and you get to join us.

I don't understand--

When change is sudden, few do, but I promise that soon, you will comprehend so much...

...safe among your *own kind.*

Okay, so *not* the heroes. Got it.

BRAKKA BRAKKA

Get down!

Hail Hydra! Hail Zemo!

Zemo--? Nnngh!

THWIP THWIP THWIP

Fascinating.

Spider-Man... *kill* for Zemo.

WE'RE ALL MONSTERS HERE

Immaculatum. Defense. Aerial, ground cover.

Officer, I suggest that you hide for now.

KILL ENEMY--

wait--

I have her.

Jundo, your turn.

Ground cover, Macitica...

Then, perhaps someone can provide a viable theory for why we are in a battle with *them?*

THOOM

Insect!

THWIP

Nice catch.

I think I'm going to enjoy this new relationship--

--so long as you never defy me again. Next time I tell you to kill someone, I expect it done.

HRRRRG...

ZAAAACK

Now please disembowel the idiots in the animal masks...

...with sugar on top.

An unexpected development. The mind reels.

We shouldn't have been so quick to dismiss the Spider-Mongrel.

How did you survive the island, Zemo?

Teamwork makes the dream work, Fish Face.

Also, just because *Hydra* fell apart didn't mean I lost *my* loyal crew. To wit--

Real knows real, as the kids say.

For Zemo!

KRAK

I look forward to dissecting you...

KILL!

First, you'll need to catch--

--

Oh.

KILL ENEMY. HATE ENEMY. WIN RESPECT OF ALPHA ZEMO--

SCHLICK

Aren't you tired?

Aren't you tired of being angry all of the time?

W-who..? Wait...?

From the island. We... we saw them in a vision--

OUR KIND. VICTIMS OF THE WULF...

It's so much work...that leads to nothing.

I thought I was making choices out of love for Doralis...

It was not *love*.

BEHIND!

SHRAKK

RRRAGH!

You are a terrible wonder.

Get your hideous head in the game, Spider!!!

Or I'll cut it off!

TINC

Feel free to shoot this terrorist in the back anytime, Officer.

Or you could choose a paradise free of white supremacists.

Spider! Look up!

...

Why can we still see those people? We...

TIED TO OUR KIND. WEB OF BLOOD--

THWIP

HRRAGH!

Your resourcefulness is impressive, Zemo.

Blame *yourself* for that. The Spider kept me alive.

Then I killed him.

Then your wünder drug brought him back as...that.

And your loyalists? Tracking beacon?

Don't get thrown from a plane without it.

You found us--?

A lot of work, just for some petty revenge.

You don't know the *half* of it, kid.

I designed the Hydra fleet! You co-opted a ship, but you can't hide it from me.

Rain fire.

Targets confirmed. Please clear the area, Baron.

Perish the thought.

INCOMING! FIRE FOR ENEMY...

FIRE FOR EVERYONE!

Monster, get me to high ground now or I will microwave whatever passes for your gonads until they pop.

SERVE ALPHA. KILL ENEMY. STOP PAIN--

Save them.

Please, save them.

THEY... ARE...

THWIP

THWIP

They are our kind. Our flock.

Idiot.

What an unreliable personality.

PROTECT FLOCK.

Don't you want to stop hurting?

Anger is so tiring.

Humanity is the flock.

HUMANITY?

Shouldn't we scatter?

Wait...

WHY...SAVE...HUMANITY?

It's what we do.

WHY?

It's what we do.

KRAKOOM

WHY?!

HUMANITY IS PAIN.
HUMANITY HATES ITSELF.
WHAT FLOCK HATES ITSELF?!

Only a few.

Most of us do not hate. We--

How stupid are you, insect?!

You live by the whim of Zemo!

Know your place or die here with the rest of the impure!

RRAAARGH!

SLICKT

You should have killed the spider properly when he was just a man.

Now your weapon is exposed.

I... am... Pure!

... Of course you are.

HUMANITY HATES ITSELF.

ZAAAC

Verdammten Spider...

Zemo has nothing to fear!

ACHHH!

You are... the great... white... dope.

Z-Zemo...

Ha! The great Baron Zemo... *impure.*

To think I once admired you.

I had your poster and everything.

You have been following a ***false leader!*** He is a mockery of our ideals!

No pithy remarks that make me regret whatever heritage we share?

SHLK

I want Europe.

Seeing as you are down one Aryan, I believe I'm the man for the job.

Or, I can detonate the atomic core in my ship.

You're not going to think yourself out of a mushroom cloud.

All of my life, I have been committed to the dominance of the master race.

Most of whom bore me to tears, quite honestly.

Meeting you has given me a new angle to consider... You *are* racial purists, yes?

All this is to cull the herd of the impure so that you can consolidate power and intelligence?

Truly separate and equal...but *actually.*

I'm in.

At least for a hundred years, until people will inevitably get bored and someone will make a power grab.

But I'll be long dead by then.

Maybe.

To a hundred years of peace.

Amen, brother.

No! *Herr* Baron! This--this is heresy--

+Sigh+ Some people...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

Agreed. Should we collect your pet for examination?

I'd rather not, thank you.

FWOOSH

AARGHHH!

PAINHATERAGE KILLHURTKILL PAINPAINPAIN!

Well played, Baron.

Thank you, *Herr* Wülf.

HATEHATE HATEHATE--

And where has that gotten us?

Please, call me *Anibati*.

Unlikely... does it mean something in particular?

"We have survived."

Hmm. Catchy.

How long until the operation goes global?

The test was a success.

The world falls in an hour.

H-help...

HSSSSHT

WSSSSSSSSSHHHHH

Why save humanity?

It's what we do.

Why do we do it?

It is logical.

#4 VARIANT JUNGGEUN YOON

4.

Observation: The Immaculatum base of operations is a repurposed Hydra Flying Fortress. Already out of range.

Zemo's ship, en route to join, is my only means of access.

Obstacles: My maximum vertical leap at peak performance is fifty yards.

I am not at peak performance.

THWIP

Biological webbing velocity is fifty feet per second declining at a rate of three feet per half second after the first second.

Accounting for gravity, angle, and web mass, I cannot catch the ship.

Additional variable: Biological webbing. Tensile strength, mass, velocity, and reserves are unknown, though presumably less than what I can create in a lab.

Hypothesis: Impromptu "grappling hook" with webbing and 250 lb manhole cover will compensate for unknown variables.

Observation: My body has undergone multiple transformations in under eight hours.

Hypothesis: The A-Plus picotech allowed a hyper-regenerative response in my body consistent with the molting process observed in many species of spider--

--triggered by extreme bodily harm.

Evidence: I am alive after an incineration with my intellect returned but with lingering biological changes.

Evidence: I evolved into a hybrid man-spider form after bone-crushing impact and multiple stab wounds.

Evidence: The inhabitants of the Immaculatum island were early test subjects of the A-Plus picotech and exhibited extreme physical deformation...

...but they did not survive extreme physical damage. Conclusion: Hypothesis likely correct, though duration of physical characteristics, internal damage, and long-term effects unknown.

Further investigation moot until the Immaculatum and Zemo are stopped.

Observation: Less than thirty minutes remain until A-Plus is distributed across the world.

Assumptions: Synthesis, aerosol distribution, and operation of the A-Plus picotech is highly specialized and novel.

This flying fortress is the central hub of all Immaculatum operations to ensure control and security.

Hypothesis: Disruption of the operation will only succeed here.

There is no time to call for aid.

I will face a force of superior strength and number with the home-field advantage... and enhanced intellect.

Assumption:

My intellect is greater.

Disable Zemo's troops.

Outthink, outplay, and disable the Immaculatum.

Disrupt the A-Plus operation.

Save Humanity...

Assumption: Humanity deserves saving.

Execute.

COMMON DENOMINATOR

What about Richards?

Doubtful.

Namor is certainly pure.

We expect him to enjoy his sovereign kingdom as nature is restored.

Wait, Julius?

We didn't know he had a name. He only ever referred to himself as *the Mad Thinker.*

Quite the precise moniker. We find the *"Mainframe"* more fitting now.

He's your supercomputer?

He's *everything.*

The A-Plus picotech was his creation.

So you stole it and turned him into... *this?*

Heh. NO.

Not everyone wants to run the world, Baron.

Some just want to sit and *think*... in peace.

You will understand soon, Baron.

You'll understand everything.

His vitals are in the clear.

Are you ready to join our ranks?

I assume this will hurt.

Change always does, briefly.

Assurances?

You meet our purity standards.

You can still detonate the core of your ship and kill us all...

But ultimately, I believe you will be an excellent collaborator once you are... ***enlightened.***

Sold.

Bring on the IQ points--

Immaculatum. Zemo.

It's over.

No.

RUUMMMBLE
The vibrations you are feeling are the result of a series of coordinated explosions around the fortress.
This is not possible!
Macitica! Status.
Critical error signals from all engines, navigation, cooling systems--
By now, you will have ascertained that I have disrupted every key system keeping this ship in the air.
Zemo will confirm that, despite your upgrades, the ship will go down.
I killed you! twice!!!
He will also be agitated and confused by my arrival.
It's a bluff. He doesn't know if the salvation of the morons below lies with this ship--
Zemo will assume that this is a bluff. The rest of you will comprehend the math--
There are roughly 700,000 living victims of the A-Plus picotech in Memphis and New York.
The population of Earth is 7.75 billion...
0.009 percent of the population is an acceptable loss to stop you.
That's... That's not him.
I've accessed comms.
The A-Plus goes worldwide in less than twenty minutes.
More than enough time to kill you and right the ship--
Only if you split up, which you are loath to do due to lingering distrust and a tendency toward hive mentality.
A subtle side effect of shared intelligence.
I will find him. I'm the only one fast enough.
Of course you have anticipated our protocols--
Of course. Anti-personnel. Anti-aircraft. Redundant safety systems--
Crashing this ship is a challenge. However, there are multiple routes to victory.
Is it getting warm in there yet?
A system powerful enough to process billions of A-Plus "donor minds" would displace tremendous heat.
I found the most powerful venting aside from the engines, and I clogged it.
Ten minutes or less before the Mainframe melts down.

I am telling you this in the hope that you surrender peacefully.

Likelihood based on available knowledge: 3 percent. Instead...

Approaching engine one--

...the fastest among you, likely the eagle-inspired one, will race for the nearest point of sabotage.

Oh.

The route he will take is obvious.

SHNNKT

KLUDD

You are now down one member.

Now you are trying to ascertain where I am based on the time I had to physically disrupt so many systems.

Wülf--*Anibat!!* This is an act! The idiot is not this ruthless--

Eight systems down on my ship is not an "act."

Lock down the Mainframe.

With time fleeting, you will leave the Mainframe chamber and search for me in pairs--

Groups of two. Zemo is with me.

Are you not *listening*?!

--and lockdown the Mainframe chamber--

We are harnessing the cognitive power of ***thousands*** of human beings, Zemo!

He is ***one man.***

Urk!

Which is exactly what I want you to do.

Well, crap.

Your assumptions will be your downfall, Anibati.

I'll admit it... Well played--

--other than the fact you locked yourself in here with *me*.

Hypothesis: His correct assumption will be that the Mainframe is my target.

Assumption: He will leap to intercept.

Assumption: He will not risk gunfire this close to the Mainframe.

Counter: Adoption of conventional weaponry for tactical advantage.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

Deflection of incoming fire as expected, angled within reasonable parameters so as not to damage the Mainframe.

TING TING

Threaten blunt force...

SHLINK

Assumption: Destruction of conventional weapons at close range will still elicit oligosynaptic startle reflex...

Evidence:

Remind him of Newton's first law.

Total interaction: 2.3 seconds.

Next step:

Ascertain the Mainframe operation and power source.

Organic. Human. The Mad Thinker.

Unexpected...

...but inconsequential.

Continue operation.

BADOOM

BADOOM

Assumption: Based on time and available information, the physically strongest of the Immacculatum will attempt to breach the Mainframe room defenses...

...as the rest move en masse to the closest crisis point...

...where they will discover my ruse.

Wülf! He hijacked the diagnostic system and fed us *false information!*

The ship is fully operational!

Assumption: Intellect does not override ego.

KRAKOOM

Evidence.

Think your way out of a bullet.

Immaculatum!

I vote to *accelerate* the launch of the A-Plus!

All in favor--?

Agreed.

Agreed.

Agreed.

I have been a simple man.

I have been a Spider-Man.

I have been a savage.

I have been a savant.

I have been a savior.

In each of these iterations, I have suffered...

THOOM

...as all humankind suffers.

THOOM

Hypothesis: Humankind is worth saving...

THOOM

Zemo--

--something is...off.

Not my aim. You're welcome.

Your Hydra Armor is bulletproof.

...but...

UREEEEEEEEEM

...not as it currently exists.

CHOOM

Ego *is* stronger than intellect.

Ego, as a wise man once said, is the font of all suffering.

Hypothesis: Eliminate the ego...

...eliminate suffering.

TINCK

Eliminate prejudice.

Eliminate mistrust.

Eliminate ideological warfare.

The A-Plus picotech system is humanity's salvation.

Under the right supervision.

As you rightly surmised, that console is the only spot from which the A-Plus programming may be altered.

BRAKKA-TAKKA

Is that so?

The missiles are away. The A-Plus is spreading worldwide.

The process is now irrevocable.

Thank you.

Now I can work uninterrupted.

Say *what* now?

He... wanted us to fire the missiles prematurely...

Wanted me to ensure the A-Plus couldn't be reprogrammed...

He's going to take over the Mainframe from inside.

You stole genius...

I was born one.

Which one of us should reprogram the world?

#5 VARIANT RYAN BROWN

5.

Data: My physical form is 30,000 feet above sea level, latitude 35.3178, longitude -86.6414, moving north by northeast at 300 miles per hour...

Data: The humans self-identifying as ***the Immaculatum*** and ***Baron Zemo*** approach my physical form at fifteen miles per hour.

Data: They are twenty feet away. They intend to kill me. Weapons will be fired in approximately half a second.

Observation: They will not succeed in their task before I succeed in mine.

Hypothesis: My unique physiology, mental capacity, and the interaction of both with the A-Plus picosystem has allowed me privileged access to the Immaculatum mainframe.

Data: Infected with A-Plus, my body hyper-evolved twice under extreme stress...

Data: In my first mutated state, I experienced a novel connection to other physically transformed subjects known as "the Damned" that allowed me to control their actions.

Data: In my second evolution, cognition increased exponentially. I also continued to experience a connection to the A-Plus picosystem.

Evidence: Injecting my physical form with the Receptor A-Plus picotech reserved for the Immaculatum allowed for direct access to the mainframe.

I explore, comprehend, and can reprogram the A-Plus operating system at the speed of thought via parallel processing arrays stolen from the A-Plus subjects.

Hypothesis: I can repurpose the Immaculatum technology.

Rather than cull humanity to meet arbitrary, irrelevant genetic markers known collectively as "race"--

--I can streamline humanity's Operating System. That is to say, subjects enhanced by the A-Plus will live, minds intact, however...

...ego will be eliminated and along with it, the root of human suffering.

As with my own transformation from frantic human to angry savage to this higher intellect...so too can humanity evolve.

Logic will save the world--

BRAKKATA

Hurry! He's in! He's in!

Zaku!

SHHHHT

THWIP

No need to panic, Anibati.

We have not come this far to--

webbing?

When did he get his webs back?

KRSH

Hnngh!

Do not waver! We have the experience and the numbers--

Herr Wülf...

...this is not the man you fought before.

Obviously, the A-Plus has enhanced his abilities.

Idiot! *Look at him!*

He's not even here.

You're .3827 seconds late.

Mad Thinker.

I ran over a trillion scenarios once you joined this conflict. Each found you arriving at this moment.

You will not attempt to stop me?

I cannot. The Immaculatum are clever, even without the A-Plus enhancements.

To be part of the experiment, I exchanged my will. As with any mainframe, I execute orders--

That does not seem logical.

It was necessary. The physical world had become...a challenge for me. I was, well... "mad" to put a fine point on it. But this...

Crisp. Clean. Quintillions of neurons firing in synchronicity allowing for gigabillions of computations per second.

For the first time in my life, I'm not "mad" at all...I simply *think*.

Sounds... wonderful.

You must comprehend what I am doing, then.

I do. And it will work.

You can rewrite the Operating System of humanity from here.

However, there is an element of your plan that is as yet unconsidered.

Expand.

Programming bias.

...

Expand.

Why don't you walk me through your thought process instead, Spider-Man?

Move! Spread out!

Why is everyone--?

I can't use my Taiha--!

Ahh!

What's wrong with you???

Wow. You crafty schweinhund...

BOOOOM

Feeling a little *off*, Anibati?

He's... he's...

At a loss for words? Come on-- weren't you smart **before** you started stealing brains from others?

He cut you off from your big brain.

You're just a bunch of idiots in animal masks again.

Self-awareness by definition demands a concept of "otherness."

This valuable evolutionary boon has outlived its usefulness.

Weaponization of "the other" and toxic hypertribalism is an existential threat to the human race.

All superfluous in an era of abundance.

Removal of core individuality will yield a mass consciousness.

As one, with the shared global intellect, economy will no longer be necessary.

Sustenance will be redistributed so that all benefit equally.

Resources will be focused on healing the planet and then extragalactic travel.

Memory will be shared across the globe.

Emotion distilled down to... contentment.

Free Will?

Is that a joke?

I don't think so.

Apologies. I forget that you were only enlightened a few seconds ago. Ego posits "free will" to explain self-awareness of instinctive impulses--

It's actually quite funny when you look at the science--

What is that?

A model of your mind--

No, *those* parts..?

"To maximize processing power and cognitive creativity, your brain shut down nonessential processes--

"Your amygdala, for example, is not flooding your body with stress hormones.

"The activity in the anterior insular cortex is at a minimum...

"...allowing logic to trump empathy...

"...so that you might complete unpleasant tasks unencumbered."

"Unpleasant?"

The only way we'll defeat him now is to work in lockstep!

Can I count on you, Anibati?!

Yes! I want my mind back.

On three. One, two, *three!*

"Oh, yes...my physical form is in battle. Unpleasant."

"Yet you feel nothing. You even triggered a recessive biological webbing gene in order to end things more quickly...

"The power of multitasking.

"All of the efficiency, none of the guilt."

Zemo! Why are you back-- hurkkt!

KRAK

If you're going to take *me* out...

...it's not going to be alongside *incompetents* of a *lesser* race.

That said, I've killed you twice before...

"Julius..."

"Yes, Spider-Man?"

"Unlock the systems of my brain that have been shunted off."

"Why?"

"An experiment."

"Overwhelming, isn't it?

"These are the emotional connections to everyone you have ever known, returning to you all at once.

"Everyone you have ever loved.

"Everyone you have ever hated.

"your guilt.

"your pride.

"your empathy.

"your resentment.

"From the data, it appears that you have deep emotional connections to people you barely know...

"What use is that?"

"Doralis' parents...

"Norah...

"May...

"Austin."

"Texas?"

"No, a teenager... one of the trial subjects... He...

"He died."

Yes. I can upload you the copy of his mind, if you'd like.

He was young, so it's a fast read.

He...he was a kid.

And now his atoms are reconfiguring.

I'm concerned about your change in tone--

We are more than just... atoms.

In the strict definition, we are not.

That is your ego.

But-- removing it... fundamentally redefines "humanity."

Yes...but saves what remains from itself.

At the cost of friendship... love--

You're confusing yourself. "Love." "Hate." These are vestigial chemical processes that serve no logical purpose--

No...none at all.

Spider-Man... Peter...

You are so close.

There's a saying...

"Pain is inevitable. But suffering is optional."

I can take away all pain everywhere. Right now.

The very *poison* you and people like you spread won't even be a memory...

But with it goes the option to choose.

My pain...is my own.

I'll choose to suffer with it as I see fit, thank you.

"Me too."

Can I talk you out of this?

I hate Zemo. I hate the Immaculatum...

That hate made me weak and stupid.

Flip of a neural switch and--

The cost is *too high,* Julius.

I...I must comply. But... I don't want to go back out there. It's chaos. It...

It *hurts.*

I know...but there's also *joy.* Love. Simple friendship...

I will make it my life's purpose to make you *suffer* for this.

No. You won't remember. Every element of the A-Plus picosystem will be purged and destroyed...

Anyone infected and still breathing will go back to normal...

Including you.

I promise that I'll do everything I can to help you.

...

Sigh.

It was nice while it lasted.

Thank you, Julius.

Execute.

"I'm going to call my Doctor."

Um...I don't think I belong here.

Shut up, Julius.

I don't think that's my name.

Gott in Himmel.

Herr Doctor, would you **please** find the nearest piece of shrapnel and **bury it** in my skull?

No matter how many giant brains you see... still gross.

He's messing with me now.

Just flat-out messing with me.

I used to save Multiverses, Norah.

Now I'm his personal janitor.

"Annnd straight to voice mail... right.

"Hey, Doc. Thanks for pitching in on this one. I know it *looks* bad, but if it makes you feel any better, we saved the world...

"...I think.

"Sorry, that's the adrenaline crash talking...

"...and the body horror...

"...and the near-omnipotence.

TIMES SQUARE.

"It's been a day.

"So if we can put this one on my tab, I promise I'll help you scrub out the Stupefying Stables of Shuma-Gorath or whatever...

"I just had to get off of that ship...

"...and get around people.

No, I don't want a picture with that one. His costume looks homemade...

Thanks for noticing!

There's a Thor back there with real muscles.

Smells like a viking and everything.

"Normal, every-day, messy, smart, stupid, ugly, ***beautiful*** flawed people.

"Making their terrible life choices...

"Loving...hating... but mostly loving one another.

"I hope.

"One day, when you're done being ticked at me, I'd love to pick your brain--

"Sorry... bad choice of words...

"*Um*, get your thoughts on, like, humanity and free will and if we're better off--

"Y'know what? Scratch that.

"I *know* we are.

"Okay, well... that's me. Before this gets any more awkward...

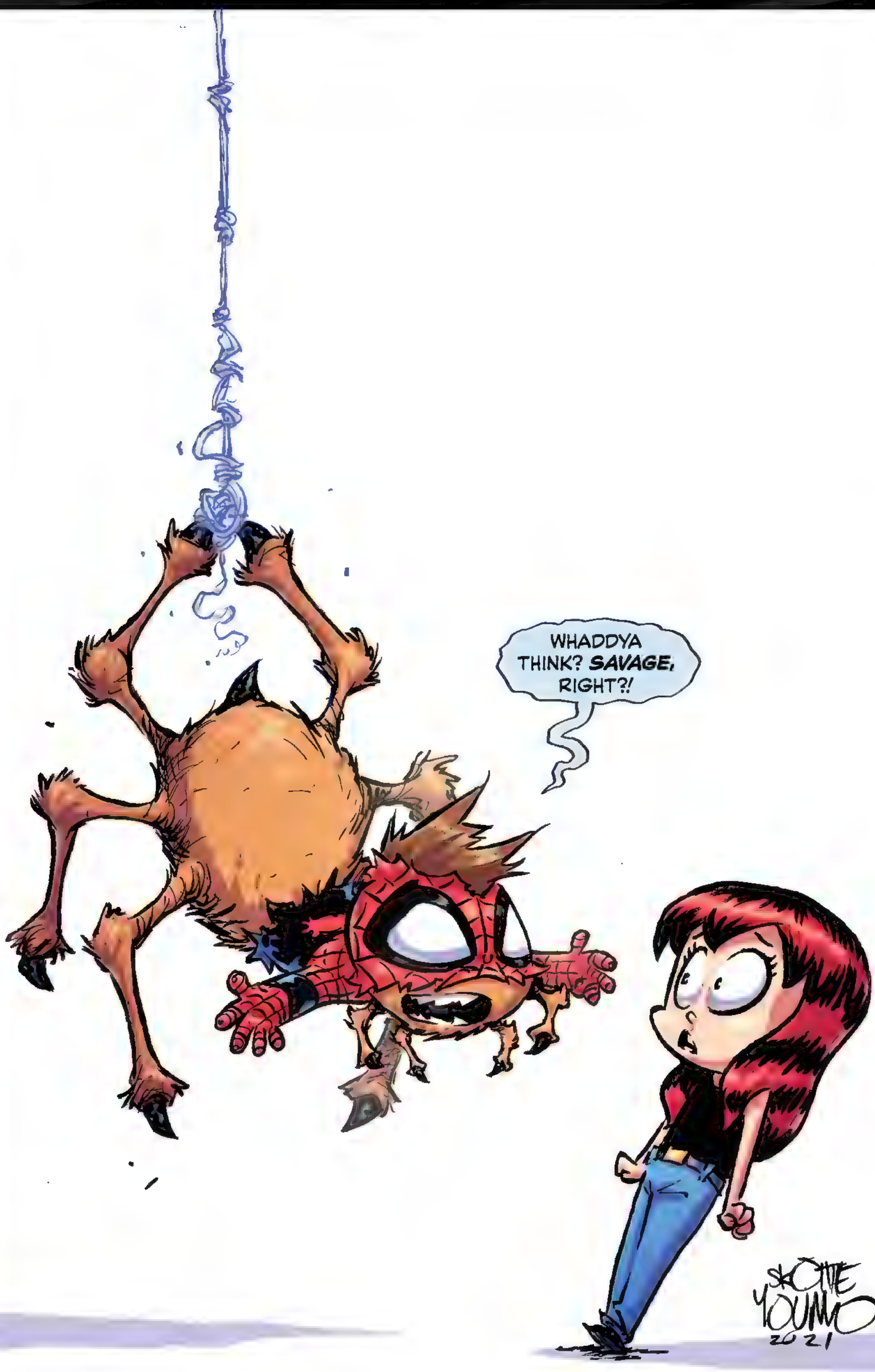
"I'm

"gonna

"*stop.*"

THE END.

#1 VARIANT RAHZZAH



#1 VARIANT : SKOTTIE YOUNG

#1 VARIANT
MARK BAGLEY & BRIAN REBER

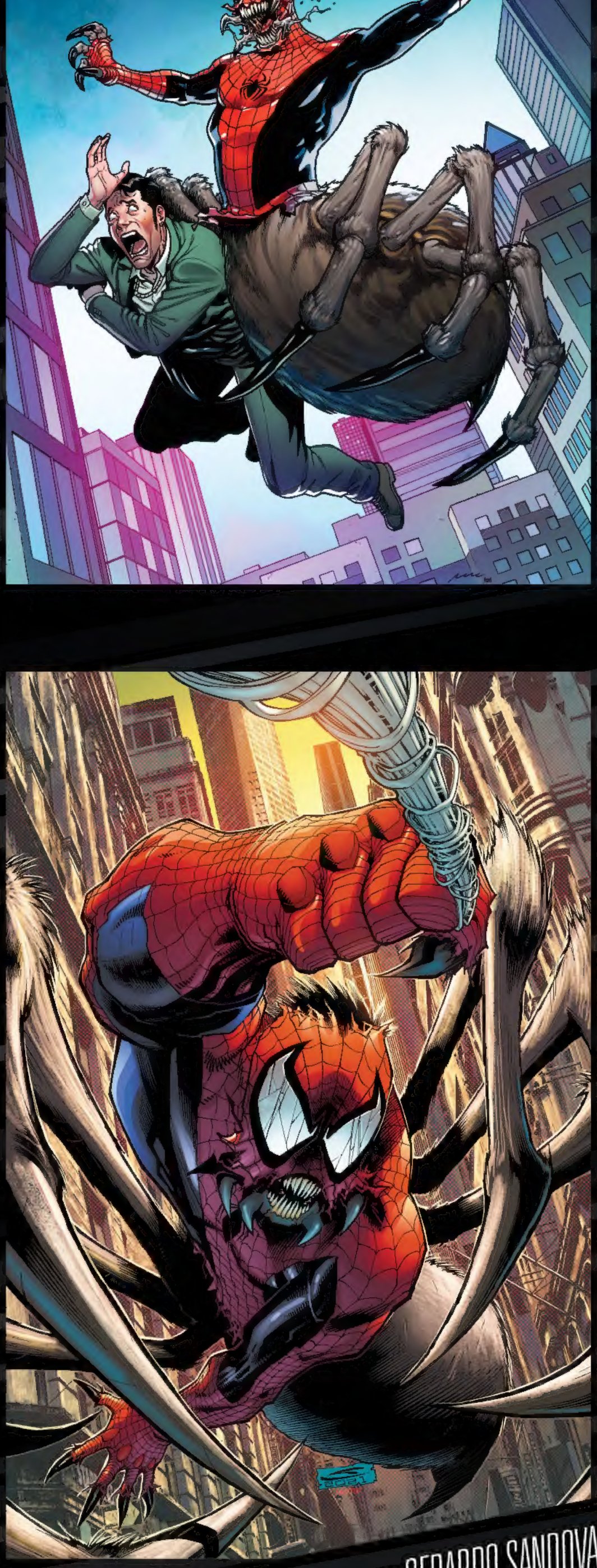
#1 VARIANT
GERARDO SANDOVAL & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

#1 VARIANT
INHYUK LEE

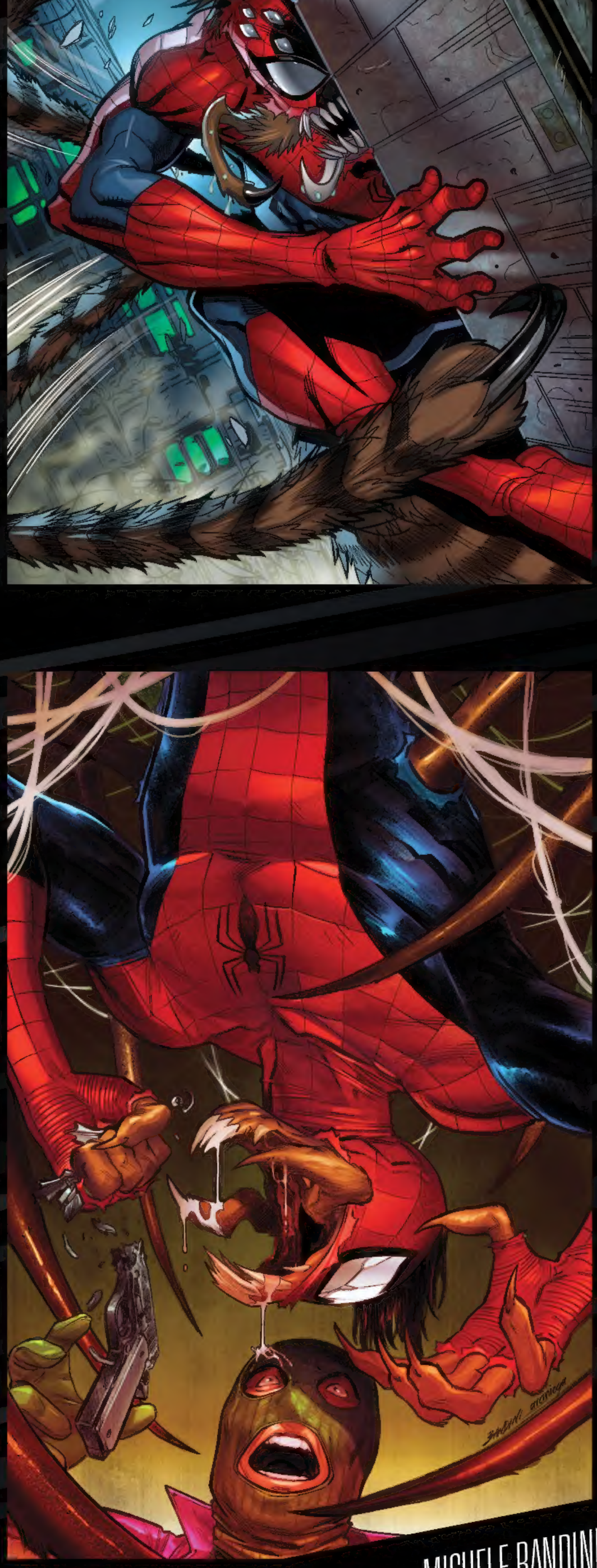
#1 VARIANT
RON LIM & ISRAEL SILVA

#1 VARIANT
PERE PÉREZ & FRANK D'ARMATA

#1 VARIANT
LOGAN LUBERA & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR



#2 VARIANT GERARDO SANDOVAL
& CHRIS SOTOMAYOR



#3 VARIANT MICHELE BANDINI
& ERICK ARCINIEGA

"One of the best Spider-Man books I have ever read." – Comic Crusaders

OUT OF THE PAGES OF *NON-STOP SPIDER-MAN* COMES...

SOMETHING SAVAGE!

PETER PARKER HAS GONE THROUGH A HORRIFYING TRANSFORMATION – one that has left him more spider than man. Far from his friendly neighborhood, the animalistic Spider-Man finds himself in a terrifying jungle – where he soon becomes the leader of a tribe of monstrous victims just like him! But with a terrifying global conspiracy on one side and the lethal Baron Zemo on the other, can a barely human Peter somehow find a way to fight to the surface? And if he does, can he face himself after all he's done as a monster? As the truth about the Immaculatum is revealed, Peter may give in to his savage side forever.

T+

MARVEL

COLLECTING ***SAVAGE SPIDER-MAN #1-5*** – BY JOE KELLY, GERARDO SANDOVAL, VICTOR NAVA AND CHRIS SOTOMAYOR.

Jack.T.Ripper

BLOODY MARVELOUS!